Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI

GERMAN VIEWS ON TOBACCO.

Opinions of Doctors, Writers and Artists—The Menagerie Likes It.

The advantages and disadvantages of the use of tobacco have been the subject of a symposium of opinion of the most famous writers, physicians and artists of Germany and Austira. As in the case of the famous Frenchmen whose ideas on the same subject were collected a few months ago, the almost universal verdict of the German-speaking celebrities has been against smoking and snuff-taking as extremely injurious, though seductively-delightful practices.

Billroth, the Vienna surgeon, says:

"That the posterity of the nicotinized and alcoholized higher society is becoming steadily weaker and more nervous is by no means surprising. The colossal increase of nerve and mind diseases in our day is undoubtedly the result, to a great extent, of the tobacco and alcohol habit, and of the straining of the nervous systems caused by these poisons."

Dr. C. Harnack, professor of medical chemistry at Halle University, who smoked formerly, but has recently "sworn off," is of the opinion that "the benefits of smoking are by all odds fewer than the seriously harmful defects."

Dr. H. Magnus, probably the first oculist in Germany and professor at Breslau University, is one of the few but sturdy defenders of the weed. He says: "Smoking excites the digestion, quiets the nervous system, and disinfects the cavity of the mouth."

The famous Privy Councilor Nussbaum of Munich gave the opinion shortly before his recent death that smoking very often did much good and very seldom did much harm. The bad feature was the effect upon the eyes and nervous system. The good one was the benefit to the digestive organs. "The inspiring, exhilarating and altogether favorable action of smoking on the brain should be highly prized." This opinion is remarkable because Nussbaum was not a smoker.

Prof. H. Lazarus, of the Philosophical Faculty in Berlin says: "I delight in smoking, especially at times when I am compeled to think long and deeply on scientific subjects. I take some three or four cigars daily, not too strong ones, and have never observed the slightest unfavorable effects."

The German literary world is, and has been, just about a unit against smoking. The opinions of Paul Hoyse, Eduard von Bauernfeld, F. von Bodenstedt, Gottfried Keller, Dr. Julius Grosse, and so on are the same as the opinion of the late Ludwig Anzengruber: "The smoking of tobacco is a nasty and disgusting habit, yes, vice, which fact, however, does not keep me from enjoying passionately a cigar, and particularly from being a perfect slave to smoking while I write or do nothing."

Prof. Paul Meyerheim, the greatest animal painter among living Germans, writes:

"What I have to tell about my own smoking habit is far from interesting. I smoke, indifferent, light cigars, and know little about the stronger and better grades. It may interest you to know, however, what my models in the Zoological Garden think of tobacco. The common brown bears are passionate enthusiasts for it. When I blow smoke through the bars they push forward and rub their backs and heads against the iron over which the smoke passes. This is invariable. Not long ago I blew through a hollow stick a pinch of snuff into the nose of a sleeping lion. The brute sat up straight, sneezed violently, and then lay down to sleep contentedly. All goats, deer, llamas and so on eat cigars and snuff with great eagerness. I once made a very ugly llama my friend by feeding it daily with snuff. I remember that one day the brute spat viciously on several soldiers who were teasing him, and that one of them exclaimed: "Holy Moses! how his breath smells of snuff!" The big baboons also breathe with satisfaction the smoke from cigars. You see I do not smoke for my own pleasure alone."—Chicago Tribune.

AN EXPENSIVE MISTAKE.

One Error of Punctuation Cost the Government $2,000,000.

There is scarcely ever a session of Congress in which bills are not found to contain mistakes in orthography and punctuation. The only wonder is that many more do not occur when it is remembered that all such work near adjournment is performed under extraordinary circumstances. All is haste, noise and confusion. Rest and sleep is unknown oftentimes for two or three days and nights in succession. The clerks become nervous, wearied and sometimes wholly exhausted by the intense strain and prolonged physical labor.

Probably the smallest, and apparently most insignificent, of all such blunders was the most expensive one of the kind ever made. It occurred in a tariff bill more than twenty years ago. There was a section enumerating what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagation or experiment. The enrolling clerk in copying the bill accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. The consequence was that for a year—until Congress could remedy the blunder—all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which the most careful man might easily have made, cost the Government about $2,000,000.—Philadelphia Press.

A Sad Mistake.

Mrs. Yerger—Bridget, there is something the matter with the soup. It tastes queer, and every body who has taken any feels sick. What did you put in it?

Bridget—I made it the same as usual, mum, except that as there was no salt, mum, in the salt-cellar, I took some of the other salt mum, that ye put up on the shelf.

Mrs. Yerger—Great heavens! that was Epsom salts.—Texas Siftings.

How He Got Left.

Billy Calumet—They say that Van Isching Coyne married his wife for her money, and yet it was a love-match on her part.

Jack Lotus—Shouldn't wonder; the poor fellow asked me to lend him a five the other day. I fancy Mrs. Coyne is more liberal with her love than her cash!—Puck

AVENGED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

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CHAPTER V.

During the journey to San Paola on the following day, Joel Wilcox took the opportunity to have a good long talk with Percy Lovel and ascertain what that young man knew about the many transactions which had taken place between Velasquez and Crandall.

Sometimes the young Englishman got very communicative for he was naturally a free open-hearted sort of a fellow, not more than twenty-seven years of age, or thereabouts.

Wilcox liked him so well that he asked Lovel to give him a little of his history. Said Lovel: "If I tell you my history you may not think so well of me after you hear it as you do now."

"Oh, I dare say, like most young men who drift to Frisco, you have led a kinder wild life, but it is evident you were primed with a pretty good education before you started in on it," was the response.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "I suppose that's so, and since I left Oxford I have seen life through the kaleidoscope of many promiscuous journeyings. I left home before I was twenty, got through a good pile of money in Paris and Brussels and then suddenly found myself in New York. I played the races, gambled and knocked around from one job to another and altogether led a Bohemian life. But I feel like sobering up now; it isn't necessary for a fellow to be a vagabond all his life, and I'm ready for the change. It isn't more than three weeks since I handled the chips for the last time, but I have done with it for keeps. By the way, the very last game I sat down to was in the same room that Velasquez frequented and he dropped over five thousand dollars that night. It was the same evening he sold the mining stock. He often used to come to that den, and some of the boys there know a good deal about him, but I very much question whether any of them would tell you much."

"Good," remarked Lovel's newly found friend, "I'm glad to hear that you are tired of your wild life, and, what's more, I believe you. So from now on you will please consider yourself private secretary to Joel Wilcox. I never did put on airs before, but I guess I ain't too old to begin. Is it a go?"

"Why, you astonish me, Mr. Wilcox; but I will try to deserve your confidence."

"All right; I count myself a pretty good judge of a man when I see one, and I think that so far as I am concerned, I am safe in engaging you for an unlimited period; the salary question we can settle as we go along," added Wilcox in a jovial manner.

"But what," he continued, "was that you said about Velasquez being known by the boys in the gambling house?"

Percy then repeated what he had already recounted, and Mr. Wilcox said that the knowledge might be useful in hunting down the rascal.

As both Mr. Wilcox and the Englishman were good talkers the conversation was kept up in a lively manner, and it was not long before Wilcox knew all about Percy from his childhood up.

As the train pulled up at San Paola Mr. Wilcox said: "Ah! I guess, my boy, you've been more of a fool than an intentional scamp."

The remark was full of truth, for Percy Lovel was never really bad, only one of those lads so especially common among the better English classes who become utterly reckless in the eager pursuit of "folly as it flies." Yet through all his ups and downs he was nonchalant, easy-tempered and cool as an iced cucumber. Always he could find time to part his hair in the right place, no matter if the house was on fire; but he could also be relied upon to reach the outside safely. And no matter where or how deep he would sink in life's turbulent waters, he invariably came to the top again smiling. Always philosophically contented, he never lost his temper or became unduly excited, and after a varied experience covering a range of occupations, from speculator to book-canvasser, he floated into Crandall & Co.'s office, and from there, as we have seen, to his present position. And this last move was to change the whole course of his life.

When Joel Wilcox went to bed that night he felt certain that Anton Reyman's release was near at hand. He was now entirely confident that Velasquez had murdered Delaro, but he was not the man to act rashly or with undue haste.

So he concluded to sleep on his recent discoveries, and make disclosures later.

Next morning he and Percy Lovel started over to see Mrs. Delaro. She met them at the door and said: "Oh! Mr. Wilcox, I'm so glad you have come. Something of great importance has transpired."

They walked into the house and into the library, where Mr. Wilcox was astonished to see one of the workmen from the cellars seated. The door was closed, but, at Mr. Wilcox's request, Lovel was allowed to remain in the room.

"This man," said the unhappy widow, "has brought something here which will probably prove beyond a doubt who it was that killed my dear husband. Yesterday one of this man's boys was bathing in the stream which flows at the foot of the hill yonder," said the lady, pointing from the window as she spoke, "and, in diving to pick objects from the mud in the bottom of the river, found this weapon."

Here Mrs. Delaro produced an ivory handled stiletto upon the handle of which was carved the initials "L. V."

"Great guns," exclaimed Wilcox, "we shall prove that snake guilty sooner than I expected."

Then a long conversation ensued and the workman was asked to repeat his story to Wilcox, and so much engrossed did everybody become in the recitation that in the excitement of the hour it was forgotten that Lovel had not been introduced.

But Mr. Wilcox soon made amends for his forgetfulness and told Mrs. Delaro of the value of his newly-formed acquaintance.

There was much to be said about the new clew and Velasquez's former history, and Percy warmed up and became almost enthusiastic over his prospective work.

They discussed how every thing should be arranged. On the morrow they proposed to go to the lawyer at Santa Rosa, and inform him of the new developments.

They supposed naturally that Velasquez had little idea of his crime being discovered so soon, if ever, and that he was probably on his way East. So they did not raise a hue and cry at once but decided that it would be far wiser, and more prudent, to be sure they were right before going ahead.

The next day they all started for Santa Rosa, the county seat, where the trial was to be held, and Wilcox was at last full of hope that the unfortunate Anton would soon be released.

A consultation was held with the lawyers, but they did not deem it wise to take steps to secure a warrant for Velasquez's arrest; they advised waiting until after the trial of Anton Reyman.

The trial was set for ten days later, and at that time nearly every adult inhabitant of San Paola was at Santa Rosa.

The witnesses who had appeared before the coroner and the grand jury were again called, and during the first part of the proceedings there was only a repetition of the former scenes at the inquest, no new disclosures being made. But there was a tumult of excitement when Percy Beaufort Lovel had been called and his testimony taken.

What he said furnished unexpected development to all except the principals in the drama, and created not only surprise but intense indignation among the people.

Then the boy who had found the stiletto was called and examined. The weapon was produced and the servants of the Delaro household were called to

MRS. DELARO MET THEM AT THE DOOR.

testify that they had seen the weapon several times lying on the bureau in Mr. Velasquez's room.

Other witnesses followed, who spoke in glowing terms of Anton's character, and then the judge commenced to charge the jury. He told them that the guilt could not be justly transferred from the shoulders of the prisoner to those of Velasquez on the evidence given and made prolonged reference to Anton's angry talk with Delaro and the fact that he followed the murdered man out of the cellars.

The judge was just suggesting the reasonableness and probability of Reyman having committed the foul deed, when Percy Lovel, who had been carefully scrutinizing the stiletto, interrupted.

The young fellow had noticed that the point of the weapon was broken. Only an extremely small fragment of the point was missing, but it was large enough to be noticed. He handed the dagger to the lawyer for the defense and drew his attention to the fact. The lawyer understood its purport in a moment.

In a rather rude and hasty manner, but such as the occasion demanded, he called upon the judge to desist in his summing up, and asked that further evidence be taken.

The judge, who was strictly impartial, remarked that in such a case it was hardly possible that so blunt a point could have penetrated the dead man's body as deeply as Delaro's wound, but that this was a matter worthy the utmost consideration of the jury.

"Yes, indeed it is, your honor," said the lawyer for the defense; "but permit me to suggest that measures be at once taken to find the point of this weapon before this man Reyman is unjustly convicted. The most likely place to find it would be in Delaro's body, and if it is, then there will not be much doubt as to the identity of the actual murderer."

"It seems hardly credible that it could have broken off inside of the body," suggested the judge; "we can consult some professional advice on the matter."

"Then the best man to get that advice from is Joel Wilcox," was the lawyer's reply.

"Let Joel Wilcox be called to the stand," said the judge to the usher.

Upon being sworn Wilcox gave his opinion, as an old blacksmith and as a man who had worked all kinds of both iron and steel, hot or cold. Said he: "It the point of the stiletto had not been properly tempered, it is highly probable that in striking against a bone in a man's body it would break off."

"Then the body shall be exhumed and the piece of steel sought for," said the judge. Whereupon the court adjourned until the following day.

That same afternoon the body of Delaro was exhumed and sure enough, the piece of steel was found sticking to the bottom of the left shoulder blade.

The doctor produced the fragment next day in court, and it was found to fit exactly to the stiletto.

Then the judge completed his charge, but on vastly different lines, the consequence being that Anton was discharged without the jury once having to leave their seats.

The crowd cheered him as he went out and one of the first men who met him was Joel Wilcox.

"Anton," he said, "it was I that bought the Posada vineyards, and I hope, my boy, you will go back to your old place and manage it for me."

It was a light-hearted and yet a sad party that went back to San Paola that night, for few of them had yet forgotten the memory of their lost friend. And Wilcox, kind old fellow that he was, went that night to try and console the desolate widow, and informed her that he had arranged to render all possible assistance to the detectives in capturing the murderer.

At the conclusion of the interview, at which Percy Lovel was present, they all decided to leave San Paola at once—Mrs. Delaro to go to her friends and Wilcox and his young aide to follow in the wake of the guilty man.

CHAPTER VI.

"If Mr. Wilcox and Percy are not back here in a week we might as well return to New York. It is getting late in the season, and really, mamma, I can not endure much more of the noise and bustle of this hotel."

"Have a little patience, child; we may hear from them any day."

"Oh! mamma, if you could only know how tired I am of being incessantly followed and shadowed by suitors of all sorts and conditions and of being made love to by old men and smooth-faced youths, you would say go, at once, and let Mr. Wilcox follow us."

"No, my child. It would never do to go until we hear from them. There is no alternative but to wait."

"Very well, just as you say, mamma; but I am very anxious for a change."

The last speaker was Armida Delaro. Eleven years had elapsed since she left the vineyards and blue skies of the Pacific slope and now she was grown into one of the most perfect of God's creatures—a beautiful woman. The rich Southern blood which she had inherited from her parents tinged her cheeks with a subdued flush of perfect health. She was a tall, graceful girl, and a perfect type of Southern beauty; though a decided brunette she was not so dark as to be distinguished for it. With her beauty she seemed to have inherited also the sweet disposition of her mother, together with the frank open-heartedness of her father.

Mother and daughter were sitting in a private parlor forming one of their suite of rooms at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, where they had been spending the summer. It was only during the last two years that Mrs. Delaro had enjoyed much of her daughter's society, for they had necessarily been thrown very much apart owing to the mother's set determination to personally assist in the search for her husband's murderer.

This employment, which had kept her traveling all the time, combined with the fact that Armida had been attending school at a convent near to Paris gave them very little opportunity of being together.

Mrs. Delaro really showed very little sign of the struggles she had undergone in her features, though a close observer might have noticed a settled and determined expression which told without the aid of words that she was a woman living with a purpose.

And indeed her purpose was stern as ever, for as she sat on this bright September morning talking to her daughter, her thoughts were far away with her two staunch friends, Joel Wilcox and Percy Lovel, who had left her two weeks before to follow up a clew at New Orleans. They had only written twice since their departure, and even then had given no particulars, so that she was anxious and longed to know whether or not they were meeting with success.

Often and often had she waited like this before, but her interest had never flagged, nor her desire for vengeance become less keen. When in conversation with her two loyal friends she always spoke hopefully of the ultimate success of her life work and had frequently intimated that she fully expected to see Leon Velasquez face to face before death should call her to meet her husband.

Of one thing she had been scrupulously careful, and that was to have no word regarding her husband's cruel death uttered in the hearing of her daughter. Still, Armida knew of the manner in which her father had come to his sad end.

But to the girl the tragic affair had never been so real and terrible as to her mother, and in recent years, as the matter was never referred to in her presence, the whole story, which so much affected her entire life, was buried in the oblivion of shadowy youthful memories.

The conversation at the opening of this chapter might lead one to imagine that Armida was of a rather peevish temperament, but such was not the case. She had just cause to complain, and was literally bored to death. She had been sought after by every unmarried wearer of pantaloons and suspenders during her stay at the Branch. Races one day, a garden party the next, then a ball, followed by yachting excursions and a

"HAVE A LITTLE MORE PATIENCE, DAUGHTER."

hundred other inventions for killing time.

At all such society events, her presence was looked upon as a positive necessity, until at last the poor girl was almost tired out. No wonder then that she was anxious to get away from it all and seek that rest in New York which was absolutely impossible at a place like Long Branch.

Just as the concluding words fell from Armida's lips, there was a knock on the door, which was answered by the maid, who took a card from the bell-boy and handed it to her young mistress.

Armida glanced at it languidly and then turning to her mother with a piteous gaze on her sweet face said:

"Another infliction."

"Who is here now, my dear?"

"That horrid, vulgar Mr. Blodger, who is so fond of saying: 'Ladies, Mr. Stephen Blodger at your service.'"

Here Armida rose from her reclining posture and gave an imitation of that gentleman's unique style of introducing himself; then turning to her maid she said:

"Tell the boy to show him up."

As the boy went away, something like a gurgling titter sounded as if coming from that progressive youth. In less than a minute the caller was at the parlor door, which showed that he must have waited either outside, or very near the elevator, for he certainly did not have time to come from the office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—"Ma, ma," calls Johnnie, distress in his tones, "come in here to Don! He won't let me have but half the bed." "Why, Johnnie," responds Mrs. Simmons, severely, "don't be selfish and mean. How much of the bed do you think you ought to have?" "But you see, ma, Don's in the middle, and my half is on both sides."—Golden Days.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

THE FARMER AND THE SINGLE TAX.

It is a favorite notion of the pro-poverty press and platform that the land value tax will never be accepted by farmers or small home owners. If that tax were what its ignorant opponents describe it these classes would be hostile; but when the farmer and rural home owner learn what the tax is, as those of New York State will in the political campaign this fall, they will be even more eager to adopt it than the artisan classes of the city have been.

W. T. Hopkins, of Enterprise, Kan., forwards a clipping from a paper of his State which gives a fair idea of the way the land value tax is misrepresented to farmers. After a long statement of what he supposes the land value tax to be and how it would affect the interests of farmers, the editor says: "This is a plain and simple statement of the Georgian land tax theory, put in the vernacular of the common people." It would be better English and nearer the truth to say that it is a statement of the Georgian land tax theory, put into the vernacular of an ignorant editor.

According to this Kansas quill, "under the George regime, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the manufacturer—men of every trade and profession who own no land and who only represent billions of dollars' worth of personal property—will escape all taxation, and the whole burden will be thrown upon the farmer and home owner, except where business men carry on enterprises in their own stores and mills." There is more ignorance to the thousand ems in this quotation than there are puns in the funniest of Tom Hood's jingles.

Until we raise up a class of lawyers, doctors, merchants and manufacturers who can live without land, we shall have no man of either class who, under the land value tax, can escape his share of public burdens. They all pay a land value tax now and to the full annual value of the land they use; but it goes into the pockets of landlords instead of going into the public treasury.

This Kansas editor seems to think that a man who did not own the land he used would be untaxed. It is true he would not pay any more for the land than he pays now, but he now pays all he ought to pay. The trouble is that he pays the wrong man. He would pay no less under a land value tax except as the land he used fell in value, but so long as that land had a value he could not escape taxation. And he ought not to pay for any thing but the land value he appropriates. That, and that alone, of his wealth is produced by the community, and belongs to the community; his personal property and land improvements being of his own production, the community has no right to take them. When the community compels him to pay for the land value he appropriates it takes only what belongs to it; but when it compels him to give up to it of the products of his labor one penny over and above the land value he has appropriated it robs him.

It is not true, however, that lawyers, merchants, manufacturers and doctors represent billions of dollars' worth of personal property. What the astute Kansas editor means by personal property may be itemized as railroad stock, corporation and government bonds, and so on. Of the value of this class of property, very little is a property value at all. So much of corporation stock and bonds as represents actual labor products, like rolling stock, rails and stations, is property value, and ought to be free of taxes; first, because the community did not produce these things, and second, to encourage the production of more. But so much of such stock and bonds as represents special privileges and "water" is a mere device of robbery, bearing a relation to the industry of our time similar to what pirate ships bore to commerce a few generations ago.

When we propose to exempt labor products from taxation, we mean labor products. As for public franchises that are special privileges, we would abolish them altogether.

And how about the whole burden of taxation being thrown upon the farmer and home owner?

The Kansas editor will certainly exclude tenant farmers. It is strange that he does not classify tenant farmers with "men of every trade and profession who own no land;" for surely if doctors are to escape taxation tenant farmers will too. The truth is that tenant farmers, like doctors, will pay the same ground tax that they do now, except as it falls in consequence of the fall of land values, and that what they pay will find its way into the public treasury instead of settling, as it does now, in the coffers of landlords.

And why does not the Kansas editor classify mortgaged farmers with doctors, lawyers and merchants? The mortgaged farmer is to the extent of his mortgage, a tenant farmer.

That the whole burden of taxation will be thrown upon farm owners and home owners is false upon the face of it. How about mine owners? How about factory owners? How about store owners? How about water front owners? How about the owners of vacant lots?

The burden of taxation that house owners will have to bear will depend upon the value of the land upon which their homes are built. If they build on the most desirable land in the community—as poor home owners never do, by the way—they will have a high tax to pay; if they build on the least desirable land in the community—as poor home owners are now compelled to do—they will have little or no tax to pay; and according to the desireableness of the land upon which they build, from the least to the most desireable, so will their taxes be graduated. If they adorn their grounds, embellish their houses, enlarge their living accommodations, or otherwise improve their homes, their taxes will be no more than if they let their homes run down to the level of pig sties.

Which is better for the home owner—to be taxed on every improvement he makes as he is now, or to be taxed only for the special privilege by way of location that he enjoys and to be left free to improve to the extent of his desire?

The burden of taxation that farmers will have to bear will depend, like that of the home owner, on the value of the bare land they appropriate. Farmers are now taxed on the value of their land, their buildings, their fences, their drainage, their stock and their produce. Let our brilliant Kansas editor submit to the farmers of his acquaintance the alternative of a tax on all these values or on the value of the land alone, and see which they will chose.

When the average working farmer appraises the value of his buildings, fences, drainage, stock and produce in one class and the value of his bare land in another, he will find that the totals are about as four to one. The total of the first class it is proposed to exempt; but under the present system the total of both classes is taxed.

And this is not all. When taxes are imposed solely on land values, so much land that is now held out of use for speculation will seek a market that the value of all land will fall, and as it falls the farmers' tax will recede. It is probable, if the speculative value of land were eliminated, as it would be under the land value tax, that the value of the average working farmers' improvements, stock and produce, compared to the value of his bare land, would be as ten to one. In many cases it would be as the whole is to nothing.

Home owners and farmers now bear the burden of taxes, and the land value tax would emancipate them. When we consider the special privileges that the wealthy classes enjoy, their taxes are exceedingly light compared to those of the house owner and the farmer, whose special privileges are meager. The only special privilege that the average home owner and working farmer enjoys is the exclusive right to a piece of land, the value of which relatively to the value of the wealth he produces is a trifle; but there are mine owners, city lot owners, railroad owners, telegraph owners and currency makers whose special privileges relatively to the wealth they produce are in value close on to a hundred times. Owners of coal mines, for example, get thirty-five cents a ton for all coal mined; how much wealth do they produce? None. Under the land value tax, which bears only upon special privileges, they, and such as they, and not the home owner or the farmer, would bear the burden of taxation; and it is in the interest of beneficiaries of these special privileges that the farmer is appealed to to defeat the land value tax.

Thus far of the farmer who owns his farm and the head of a family who owns his home. But what of the tenant farmer and the tenant house holder, two constantly growing classes? They must now pay annually to a landlord all that their land is worth and an indirect tax on what they consume, as well as direct taxes. Under the land value tax they would pay no more for the land than they do now; indeed, they would pay less, for land values would fall with the increase of the market supply of land. They would pay no more for the improvements than they do now, but less; for with the increase of production and reduction of land values both parties to an exchange would get more with less work. And they would pay no taxes on what they consumed, nor any other tax except what they paid to the landlord in the form of ground rent.

But the sum total of benefits to the farmer and the home owner is not yet reached. The average farmer and the average home owner are workingmen. I have considered, so far, only the benefits they will enjoy as consumers; their benefits as producers are yet to be seen. We have already observed that their interests as capital owners and laborers are greater than their interests as land owners; therefore a tax that exempts their interests as capital owners and laborers, even though it wholly absorbs their interests as land owners, must be beneficial to them. And so it is. The wages of their labor will rise with wages generally.

Stating the proposition in the terms of political economy, the land value tax will raise the margin of production, and as wages rise with the rise of the margin of production wages will rise with the imposition of the land value tax. In terms more familiar to the Kansas editor, the land value tax will abolish the value of all land not especially desirable. Any land that is not in demand for use will bear no rent; and land that is not more desirable, even though in use, will also be free of rent. Consequently, occupiers of such land will have no tax to pay. Now, there is a great deal of just such land, but because it is held out of use for speculation users of land must take up with less desirable locations, and as wages are regulated by the produce of the least desirable land in use wages are lower now than they will be when the more desirable locations are to be had free of rent or purchase price.

By wages is meant, of course, the return for one's labor, whether paid by an employer as in factories, or directly out of his produce as in the case of farmers. Hence, the condition of a working farmer in his capacity of producer, as well as in that of consumer, must improve under the land value tax, as will that of the small home owner, what ever be his vocation.—Louis F. Post, in the Standard.

So far from the recognition of private property in land being necessary to the proper use of land, the contrary is the case. Treating land as private property stands in the way of its proper use. Were land treated as public property it would be used and improved as soon as there was need for its use or improvement, but being treated as private property, the individual owner is permitted to prevent others from using or improving what he can not or will not use or improve himself.—Progress and Poverty.

The equal right of all men to the use of land is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air—it is a right proclaimed by the fact of their existence For we can not suppose that some men have a right to be in this world and others no right.—Progress and Poverty.

A Souvenir of Von Moltke.

A delightful little story is told of Count Von Moltke. During his birthday anniversary celebration a young American lady, who was in Berlin for the time being, addressed him a note with the request that he would write his name in the fly-leaf of a book which she sent him. She added that it was her birthday also, and that it would give her peculiar pleasure if he would gratify her desire. Count Von Moltke was much impressed by the circumstance, and sent a messenger with the request that the young lady should call upon him, which she did under proper escort. She found the venerable commander surrounded by glittering nobility, but he at once welcomed her in the most cordial way, and after a brief conversation wrote his name in the book, adding this passage: "I have been young and now I am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread."—Chicago Evening Post.

—"I don't think this new color you have on your house is as warm as the old one." "Well, how could it be? The old one has just had four new coats put on it."—Harper's Bazar.

FAMOUS VIOLINS.

Rare Specimens from the Hands of the Most Celebrated Makers.

There is no absolutely-determinable standard by which the superiority of old violins from the hands of famous makers can be established.

Perhaps Stradivari, Nicholas, who lived and made violins in Cremona, Italy, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, should be credited with popularizing the violin as much as any one in history. To be sure, Amati, whose name is one of the famous ones still, was a little earlier and taught Stradivari the art.

But for the man who did most toward establishing the present rule as values for violins of ancient make the world must look to Louis Tensio, an Italian collector, who was at the meridian in the first quarter of the present century. Tensio was a lover of violins, either for themselves or the money that he acquired by trading in them. He roamed about Europe, buying up old violins and trading new ones for them. In old monasteries he received many a rare one, which the owner was only too glad to exchange for one of the newer finish. This goes to show how little was then appreciated the benefit of age which now is such an important factor in the value of an instrument. Tensio was found dead one day in his house in Milan, surrounded by his collection of violins, which probably could not be reproduced for its rare and fine instruments to-day from all the collections in the world.

The name of Guanarius stands next to that of Stradivari to-day for excellence of make, especially the name of Joseph Guanarius del Jesu, whose trade-mark was I. H. S. A hundred years ago the Amati violins stood higher in the value of the world than those of Stradivari, but they have since exchanged their positions. To-day an Amati must be exceptionally fine to be worth more than $500 or $600, while as good specimens of the Stradivari or Guanarius are probably worth, respectively, as many and half as many thousands.

One of the finest, or at least most precious, Guanarius instruments extant is that which Paganini used, and now preserved in a glass case in the Municipal Palace at Genoa. Paganini's pupil, Sivori, is probably the only one who has played on it since his master's death, and that only once.

In this country, Mr. Hawley, of Hartford, Conn., has an exceedingly valuable collection of rare violins. He has no less than five specimens of Stradivaria and three of Guanarius. One of the latter is known as the King Guanarius, that is the finest product of the artist. It is valued at $3,500.

Theodore Havemeyer, of this city, has a number of rare and valuable instruments, among which are more than one Stradivari and Joseph Guanarius del Jesu, with the I. H. S. brand of excelence.—Chicago Journal.

A CHILIAN HOUSE.

The Accommodations Afforded a Traveler in that Country.

The favorable impression of Chili which I had received in descending the western slopes of the Cordillera was augmented when I reached the village, or perhaps I should say town, of Santa Rosa de los Andes. This is my first experience of a Chilian hotel. As we rode up through clouds of dust the exterior of the one-story "adobe" building of the Hotel del Comercio did not seem inviting. Inside, however, I found a series of court-yards or "patios," avenues of trellised vines, aviaries, canalized watercourses, and other pleasant features. I hired a room in the first "patio," with an outlook upon the flowering shrubs, the fountain, and the wonderful imitation marble statues which stood around it. Who would have expected to find specimens of Greek sculpture—of the period of decadence, it is true—at the foot of the Andes?

Dusty as I was, and having been wholly deprived of the use of soap and water during my six days' journey across the mountains, the old prejudices of the dweller in towns, asserted themselves, and I ask the landlady in an off-hand and half-apologetic tone, if it would be possible to have a bath. "Como no?" she replied, with the usual Chilian formula of ready affirmation, and added: "Would you like a swimming bath?" "Is there a swimming bath in the hotel?" I asked: "Como no? The water is not crystaline, but it is clean and fresh, and brought from the Aconcagua river by an 'acequia.'" "Bueno, vamos a ver," said I, and we went to see. And behold at the end of the garden was a tank some fifteen feet square, with water running through it, and overhead, as protection against the sun, vines laden with pendent bunches of grapes, forming, as it were, a ceiling to the bath. This was delightful, and I bathed with joy. Now after a bath a man needs refreshment of some kind. "Como no?" was the invariable reply; and I was shown into a bar-room, where I found a greater variety of deleterious drinks than you would meet with in similar establishments in Europe or the United States, and yet Los Andes does not boast 3,500 inhabitants. Thus fortified and rejuvenated, I was prepared to dine, and I succeeded in dining very fairly, drank good Chilian wine, had a pleasant talk with my friend Don Honorio and other gentlemen, and after dinner took a walk on the piaza, where there was a zealous but inferior orchestra playing for the distraction of "all Los Andes," represented by a few officers, employes and shop-keepers, a dozen ladies wearing Parisian hats that were the fashion a year ago, and a few score modest natives, the women wearing black shawls drawn mantillawise over their heads, and the men draped in "ponchos," and sheltered from indiscreet eyes by broad-brimmed white straw hats with black strings tied under the chin.—Harper's Magazine.

Making a Point.

Mrs. Slimpurse—My dear, I was utterly amazed, shocked, to hear you use such ungrammatical expressions while talking to Mrs. De Fashion. Why did you do it?

Miss Slimpurse—I wanted her to think our family was rich enough to have me brought up by the servants.—Good News.

Cleverly Dodged.

Mother (sternly)—Laura, was that young man kissing you in the parlor, last night? I heard some suspicious noises.

Laura—Why, mother, he was only smacking his lips after eating a piece of that splendid cake you made.

Mother—Oh, was that all? Laura, I think you may invite him to call again soon.—Yankee Blade.